

Homesteader
in Lake Creek

BENGT PETERSON

The Peterson or Person family came from Sweden as converts to the LDS Church. Bengt's father's given name was Per or Pehr, so according to Swedish customs Bengt's surname would be Person or Pehrson, but on reaching America he couldn't make people understand this. Everyone seemed to want to call him Peterson so he gave up trying to make them understand and resigned to the name "Peterson." His first wife's name was Maria. She was born in Sweden in 1827 and died there in 1852. His second wife Johanna Johnson was born in Hoxerod, Sweden. She never lived on Lake Creek.

1078

HOW

Lake Creek east of Heber. Their home was located about a mile above the Lake Creek red sandstone quarry. The log house was long and deep, and had windows with small panes of glass. Behind the house was a spring of cold water, which the youngsters flocked around after a game of ball or active play. Deep drinks of the spring's bubbling offerings were pleasant refreshment at any time.

Later Bengt Peterson sold his Lake Creek farm and moved to Buysville or Daniel and bought a smaller place there. He then moved to Provo and lived in the Second ward for about two years and from there moved to the Teton Basin in Idaho with his wife Josephine. He died in Driggs, Idaho, Nov. 27, 1913 and was buried in the Cemetery.

Bengt Peterson Homesteaded 160 acres of
ground one mile up Lake Creek from Crook Rock Quarry

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Bengt sold out to James (Scotty) Dawson &
Bengt moved to Provo.

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"Scotty" sold out to Samuel Platt

Dec. 4, 1866, m. Henry Boren; Lucy b. September, 1859, and Margaret Crosby of England). She was born in 1859.

To FHL - 10-19-92

Try

(1) 3 wives name

(2) Then all kids

✓ Make FGSS

✓ Found 2 FGSS

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(3) His third wife was Albertina Larson and she was born 15 Jan. 1847 in Svenstorp, Halland, Askome, Sweden. She died 9 July, 1932 in Salt Lake City, Utah and was buried in the Heber City Cemetery 12 July, 1932. Their children were: Martha Maria born 10 July, 1878, married Rone Olmstead; Emily Ann Josephine born 8 Dec. 1879; Arvid William born 6 Nov. 1880; Johanna born 31 Oct. 1881; Joseph Hakan born 31 Oct. 1882; Hyrum Benjamin born 17 Dec. 1883; Lars Albert born 12 June 1885; Abraham and Isaac (twins) 28 April 1886; Clara Anna Christina born 21 June, 1887; Jacob Franklin born 2 August 1889; and Brigham born 14 Sept. 1890.

Bengt Peterson and his family settled on

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HOV

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Bengt Peterson or Person

The Peterson or Person family came from Sweden as converts to the L.D.S. Church. Bengt's father's given name was Per or Pehr, so according to Swedish customs Bengt's surname would be Person or Pehrson, but on reaching America he couldn't make people understand this. Everyone seemed to want to call him Peterson so he gave up trying to make them understand and resigned to the name "Peterson". His first wife's name was Maria. She was born in Sweden in 1827 and died there in 1852. His second wife Johanna Johnson was born in Hoxerod, Sweden. She never lived on Lake Creek. She died in Heber, Utah on 4 April 1877. She and Bengt Person or Peterson had the following children: John Peter born 24 June 1859, in Remoseia, Sweden and married Julia Margaret Fraughton; Eliza Mary born 10 May 1861 in Remoseia, Sweden and married George Homer Fraughton; Jens Aug born 26 April 1864 in Remoseia, Sweden and married Leah Williamson; Amanda Betty born 13 March 1867 in Remoseia, Sweden and married Harvy Meeks; Aldoph Fred born 23 June, 1869 in Halsingburg, Sweden and married Lucy Mass; Emma Sarah born 16 October 1872 in Rockport, Summit County, Utah and married Heber A. Butters.

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Bengt Peterson or Person sold his Lake Creek farm and moved to Buysville or Daniels as it is now called. He bought a smaller place there. He then moved to Provo and lived in the Second Ward about two years and from there he went to the Teton Basin in Idaho with his daughter, Josephine, and her husband, Rone Olmstead. Bengt died in Driggs, Idaho 27 November 1913 and was buried in the Heber City Cemetery 30 November 1913.

Bengt Peterson and family settled on Lake Creek five miles east of Heber. It was and is a beauty spot with many native trees and shrubs about such as service berry and choke cherry bushes and with wide meadows to entice nature lovers. As roads improved this homestead was often chosen as the site for Ward and Stake parties of various kinds. At these outings swings would be put up for all to enjoy. Ball games, races and other games and sports would be sponsored. Then would come the regular program of songs and speeches before the big event of the day -- the picnic with all its good things including homemade ice cream for everyone. Transportation to these events would be mostly on horse back or with horses and wagons which were fitted up with spring seats for the adults and boards with quilts on them for the children. The roads were rough and full of ruts and dust and the trip took the entire day but no one minded the inconveniences so long as the picnic baskets were well filled and "right side up".

The home was located about a mile above the Lake Creek red sand stone quarry. The house was rather long and "deep" and was built of logs and had windows with small panes in them. The house was always spotlessly clean. I remember the window panes because at one of the church outings I knocked a ball through one of them and besides shattering the glass I spoiled a perfectly lovely afternoon's fun and brought hours of worry on myself for as we heard the crash Emma Peterson said, "Now you'll catch it." And I was sure that I would. I didn't realize that the glass could be replaced for a small sum of money. I just knew that I had been responsible for breaking something. Glass flew all over and left an ugly hole and I had done it and would catch it. I tried to hide, but that was no good. There was no more fun left for me that day, and whenever I think of the Peterson home I think of that broken window pane. There was a spring of cold water back of the Peterson house and after playing ball on the wide green meadows or being pushed to breath taking heights in the tall swings, the active pleasure seekers would often refresh themselves with deep drinks of its bubbling offerings.

Years later Jimmy "Scottie" Dawson, a sheep man bought the Peterson place and brought his young Scotch wife from the East to live there. She was a nurse, very refined and cultured. This was

a new and rather difficult life for her, but she faced it with genuine courage and dignity. She did not have much use for the beautiful table and bed linen that she brought with her, but she got joy wherever she could find it. She reared two lovely daughters, Barbara and Lexie, then moved to Provo after "Scottie's" death. The Dawsen property is now owned by the W.J. Bond family.

Uncle William

My earliest memories are about Uncle William and his family. He taught me which hand to extend in shaking hands. Even now when I heed to know my right hand I have to look at it and go through the mental experience of stopping in my dish washing to face Uncle William to shake hands with him. He was about the only person ever to give me a "nick" name. He called me "Wizzio". We all loved him. He was short--of medium complexion and wore a dark beard. He was kind, gentle, and thoughtful.

Aunt Mary's house was full of interesting things. She had fancy valances of netted lace around her window drapes. She had a proverbial "Parlor", that was sacred for special events like weddings, funerals and visiting dignitaries. She had a number of choice china figures here that I still remember.

One time some church people from Heber came to their house to hold a cottage meeting. They brought planks in and put quilts on them and made seats all around the dining room. Willie McMillin was there. I don't remember anything that was said or done, but the spirit present was uplifting and did something lovely for me. They sang "Do What is Right", and whenever I hear that song I seem to be back in that home of childhood memories and again I have an uplift.

Uncle William's son, Dan, was about the age of Jane Ann. He was a good looking blond lad. They were Great pals. One day while Dan was attending school in Heber, a bigger boy knocked him down and kicked him in the stomach. Dan was never well after that. He just grew weaker and weaker and died within a short time. This cast gloom over our family group. Jane Ann was ill with Rheumatism or something of the sort at the time of Dan's death. I remember father taking her in the sleigh to the top of the foot path from the main road to Uncle William's house, then father carried her down to the house to see Dan. This was quite a distance. Dan was in the parlor. I saw the

china figures that day too.

Sometimes when we were playing at Aunt Mary's at meal time she would get a pan of cold milk-cream and all from the dairy and give us a loaf of lovely home-made bread and then we would all sit around a long clean board bench on the red flag stone walk which was beautifully designed with white clay from the "Clay-hole Hill". We would crumb the bread in the milk and have a feast fit for hungry boys and girls with good appetites.

Years later when I was returning from the funeral of my brother, Rob at Midvale with W. J. Bond and Hazel we saw tongues of flame licking up the sides of this old house that had been vacant for some time and before our eyes this house of Sacred Memories became a heap of red hot charcoal. Something within me died as I saw the rafters and walls fall down.

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